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*BY THE SAME WRITER*

HOMeward, SONGS BY THE WAY.

THE EARTH BREATH.

THE DIVINE VISION  
AND OTHER POEMS

•The  M  Co. •

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# THE DIVINE VISION

## AND OTHER POEMS

By A. E.

New York  
THE MACMILLAN COMPANY  
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1904

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TO

S. M.      T. K.

S. V.      G. R.

E. Y.      J. S.

COMRADES IN THE CRAFT



*WHEN twilight flutters the mountains over,  
The faery lights from the earth unfold :  
And over the caves enchanted hover  
The giant heroes and gods of old.  
The bird of æther its flaming pinions  
Waves over earth the whole night long :  
The stars drop down in their blue dominions  
To hymn together their choral song.  
The child of earth in his heart grows burning,  
Mad for the night and the deep unknown ;  
His alien flame in a dream returning  
Seats itself on the ancient throne.  
When twilight over the mountains fluttered  
And night with its starry millions came,  
I too had dreams : the songs I have uttered  
Come from this heart that was touched by the flame.*



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## THE DIVINE VISION

THIS mood hath known all beauty, for it sees  
O'erwhelmed majesties  
In these pale forms, and kingly crowns of gold  
On brows no longer bold,  
And through the shadowy terrors of their hell  
The love for which they fell,  
And how desire which cast them in the deep  
Called God too from His sleep.  
Oh, pity, only seer, who looking through  
A heart melted like dew,  
Seest the long perished in the present thus,  
For ever dwell in us.  
Whatever time thy golden eyelids ope  
They travel to a hope ;

Not only backward from these low degrees  
To starry dynasties,  
But, looking far where now the silence owns  
And rules from empty thrones,  
Thou seest the enchanted hills of heaven burn  
For joy at our return.  
Thy tender kiss hath memory we are kings  
For all our wanderings.  
Thy shining eyes already see the after  
In hidden light and laughter.

## THE GATES OF DREAMLAND

It's a lonely road through bogland to the lake at  
Carrowmore,  
And a sleeper there lies dreaming where the  
water laps the shore ;  
Though the moth-wings of the twilight in their  
purples are unfurled,  
Yet his sleep is filled with music by the masters  
of the world.

There's a hand is white as silver that is fondling  
with his hair :  
There are glimmering feet of sunshine that are  
dancing by him there :  
And half-open lips of faery that were dyed a faery  
red  
In their revels where the Hazel Tree its holy  
clusters shed.

"Come away," the red lips whisper, "all the  
world is weary now ;

'Tis the twilight of the ages and it's time to quit  
the plough.

Oh, the very sunlight's weary ere it lightens up  
the dew,

And its gold is changed and faded before it falls  
to you.

"Though your colleen's heart be tender, a ten-  
derer heart is near.

What's the starlight in her glances when the stars  
are shining clear ?

Who would kiss the fading shadow when the  
flower-face glows above ?

'Tis the Beauty of all Beauty that is calling for  
your love."

Oh, the great gates of the mountain have opened  
once again,

And the sound of song and dancing falls upon  
the ears of men,

And the Land of Youth lies gleaming, flushed  
with rainbow light and mirth,  
And the old enchantment lingers in the honey-  
heart of earth.

## FREEDOM

I WILL not follow you, my bird,  
I will not follow you.  
I would not breathe a word, my bird,  
To bring thee here anew.

I love the free in thee, my bird,  
The lure of freedom drew ;  
The light you fly toward, my bird,  
I fly with thee unto.

And there we yet will meet, my bird,  
Though far I go from you,  
Where in the light outpoured, my bird,  
Are love and freedom too.

## THE MASTER SINGER

A LAUGHTER in the diamond air, a music in the  
trembling grass ;

And one by one the words of light as joydrops  
through my being pass :

“I am the sunlight in the heart, the silver  
moon-glow in the mind ;

My laughter runs and ripples through the wavy  
tresses of the wind.

I am the fire upon the hills, the dancing flame  
that leads afar

Each burning hearted wanderer, and I the dear  
and homeward star.

A myriad lovers died for me, and in their latest  
yielded breath

I woke in glory giving them immortal life  
though touched by death.

They knew me from the dawn of time: if  
Hermes beats his rainbow wings,  
If Angus shakes his locks of light, or golden-  
haired Apollo sings,  
It matters not the name, the land: my joy in  
all the Gods abides:  
Even in the cricket in the grass some dimness  
of me smiles and hides.  
For joy of me the daystar glows, and in delight  
and wild desire  
The peacock twilight rays aloft its plumes and  
blooms of shadowy fire,  
Where in the vastness too I burn through  
summer nights and ages long,  
And with the fiery-footed watchers shake in  
myriad dance and song."

## REMEMBRANCE

THERE were many burning hours on the heart-  
sweet tide,  
And we passed away from ourselves, forget-  
ting all  
The immortal moods that faded, the god who  
died,  
Hastening away to the King on a distant  
call.

There were ruby dewdrops shed when the heart  
was riven,  
And passionate pleading and prayers to the  
dead we had wronged;  
And we passed away, unremembering and un-  
forgiven,  
Hastening away to the King for the peace we  
longed.

Love unremembered and heart-ache we left  
behind,

We forsook them, unheeding, hastening away  
in our flight ;

We knew the hearts we had wronged of old we  
would find

When we came to the fold of the King for  
rest in the night.

## DANA

I AM the tender voice calling "Away,"  
Whispering between the beatings of the heart,  
And inaccessible in dewy eyes  
I dwell, and all unkissed on lovely lips,  
Lingering between white breasts inviolate,  
And fleeting ever from the passionate touch,  
I shine afar, till men may not divine  
Whether it is the stars or the beloved  
They follow with rapt spirit. And I weave  
My spells at evening, folding with dim caress,  
Aerial arms and twilight dropping hair,  
The lonely wanderer by wood or shore,  
Till, filled with some deep tenderness, he yields,  
Feeling in dreams for the dear mother heart  
He knew, ere he forsook the starry way,

And clings there, pillowed far above the smoke  
And the dim murmur from the duns of men.  
I can enchant the trees and rocks, and fill  
The dumb brown lips of earth with mystery,  
Make them reveal or hide the god. I breathe  
A deeper pity than all love, myself  
Mother of all, but without hands to heal:  
Too vast and vague, they know me not. But yet,  
I am the heartbreak over fallen things,  
The sudden gentleness that stays the blow,  
And I am in the kiss that foemen give  
Pausing in battle, and in the tears that fall  
Over the vanquished foe, and in the highest,  
Among the Danaan gods, I am the last  
Council of mercy in their hearts where they  
Meted justice from a thousand starry thrones.

## THE GREY EROS

WE are desert leagues apart ;  
Time is misty ages now  
Since the warmth of heart to heart  
Chased the shadows from my brow.

Oh, I am so old, meseems  
I am next of kin to Time,  
The historian of her dreams  
From the long-forgotten prime.

You have come a path of flowers.  
What a way was mine to roam !  
Many a fallen empire's towers,  
Many a ruined heart my home.

No, there is no comfort, none.

All the dewy tender breath  
Idly falls when life is done  
On the starless brow of death.

Though the dream of love may tire,  
In the ages long ago  
There were ruby hearts of fire —  
Ah, the daughters of the dawn !

Though I am so feeble now,  
I remember when our pride  
Could not to the Mighty bow ;  
We would sweep His stars aside.

Mix thy youth with thoughts like those —  
It were but to wither thee,  
But to graft the youthful rose  
On the old and flowerless tree.

Age is no more near than youth  
To the sceptre and the crown.  
Vain the wisdom, vain the truth ;  
Do not lay thy rapture down.

## REST

ON me to rest, my bird, my bird :  
The swaying branches of my heart  
Are blown by every wind toward  
The home whereto their wings depart.

Build not your nest, my bird, on me ;  
I know no peace but ever sway :  
O lovely bird, be free, be free,  
On the wild music of the day.

But sometimes when your wings would rest,  
And winds are laid on quiet eves :  
Come, I will bear you breast to breast,  
And lap you close with loving leaves.

## THE NUTS OF KNOWLEDGE

A CABIN on the mountain side hid in a grassy  
nook

Where door and windows open wide that friendly  
stars may look.

The rabbit shy can patter in, the winds may  
enter free,

Who throng around the mountain throne in  
living ecstasy.

And when the sun sets dimmed in eve and purple  
fills the air,

I think the sacred Hazel Tree is dropping berries  
there

From starry fruitage waved aloft where Connla's  
Well o'erflows ;  
For sure the enchanted waters run through every  
wind that blows.

I think when night towers up aloft and shakes  
the trembling dew,  
How every high and lonely thought that thrills  
my being through  
Is but a ruddy berry dropped down through the  
purple air,  
And from the magic tree of life the fruit falls  
everywhere.

## THE BURNING GLASS

A SHAFT of fire that falls like dew,  
And melts and maddens all my blood,  
From out thy spirit flashes through  
The burning glass of womanhood.

Only so far ; here must I stay :  
Nearer I miss the light, the fire ;  
I must endure the torturing ray,  
And with all beauty, all desire.

Ah, time long must the effort be,  
And far the way that I must go  
To bring my spirit unto thee,  
Behind the glass, within the glow.

## THE TWILIGHT OF EARTH

THE wonder of the world is o'er :

The magic from the sea is gone :

There is no unimagined shore,

No islet yet to venture on.

The Sacred Hazels' blooms are shed,

The Nuts of Knowledge harvested.

Oh, what is worth this lore of age

If time shall never bring us back

Our battle with the gods to wage

Reeling along the starry track.

The battle rapture here goes by

In warring upon things that die.

Let be the tale of him whose love

Was sighed between white Deirdre's breasts,

It will not lift the heart above

The sodden clay on which it rests.  
Love once had power the gods to bring  
All rapt on its wild wandering.

We shiver in the falling dew,

And seek a shelter from the storm :  
When man these elder brothers knew  
He found the mother nature warm,  
A hearth fire blazing through it all,  
A home without a circling wall.

We dwindle down beneath the skies,

And from ourselves we pass away :  
The paradise of memories  
Grows ever fainter day by day.  
The shepherd stars have shrunk within,  
The world's great night will soon begin.

Will no one, ere it is too late,

Ere fades the last memorial gleam,  
Recall for us our earlier state ?  
For nothing but so vast a dream

That it would scale the steeps of air  
Could rouse us from so vast despair.

The power is ours to make or mar  
Our fate as on the earliest morn,  
The Darkness and the Radiance are  
Creatures within the spirit born.  
Yet, bathed in gloom too long, we might  
Forget how we imagined light.

Not yet are fixed the prison bars ;  
The hidden light the spirit owns  
If blown to flame would dim the stars  
And they who rule them from their thrones :  
And the proud sceptred spirits thence  
Would bow to pay us reverence.

Oh, while the glory sinks within  
Let us not wait on earth behind,  
But follow where it flies, and win  
The glow again, and we may find  
Beyond the Gateways of the Day  
Dominion and ancestral sway.

## NIGHT

BURNING our hearts out with longing  
The daylight passed :  
Millions and millions together,  
The stars at last !

Purple the woods where the dewdrops,  
Pearly and grey  
Wash in the cool from our faces  
The flame of day.

Glory and shadow grow one in  
The hazel wood :  
Laughter and peace in the stillness  
Together brood.

Hopes all unearthly are thronging  
In hearts of earth :  
Tongues of the starlight are calling  
Our souls to birth.

Down from the heaven its secrets  
Drop one by one ;  
Where time is for ever beginning  
And time is done.

There light eternal is over  
Chaos and night :  
Singing with dawn lips for ever,  
“ Let there be light ! ”

There too for ever in twilight  
Time slips away,  
Closing in darkness and rapture  
Its awful day.

## THE MORNING STAR

IN the black pool of the midnight Lugh has  
slung the Morning Star,  
And its foam in rippling silver whitens into day  
afar  
Falling on the mountain rampart piled with  
pearl above our glen,  
Only you and I, beloved, moving in the fields  
of men.

In the dark tarn of my spirit, Love, the Morn-  
ing Star is lit;  
And its halo, ever brightening, lightens into  
dawn in it.  
Love, a pearl-grey dawn in darkness, breathing  
peace without desire;  
But I fain would shun the burning terrors of  
the mid-day fire.

Through the faint and tender airs of twilight  
    star on star may gaze,  
But the eyes of light are blinded in the white  
    flame of the days,  
From the heat that melts together oft a rarer  
    essence slips,  
And our hearts may still be parted in the  
    meeting of the lips.

What a darkness would I gaze on when the day  
    had passed the west,  
If my eyes were dazed and blinded by the  
    whiteness of a breast?  
Never through the diamond darkness could I  
    hope to see afar  
Where beyond the pearly rampart burned the  
    purer Evening Star.

## A FAREWELL

I go down from the hills half in gladness, and  
half with a pain I depart,  
Where the Mother with gentlest breathing made  
music on lip and in heart;  
For I know that my childhood is over: a call  
comes out of the vast,  
And the love that I had in the old time, like  
beauty in twilight, is past.

I am fired by a Danaan whisper of battles afar  
in the world,  
And my thought is no longer of peace, for the  
banners in dream are unfurled,  
And I pass from the council of stars and of  
hills to a life that is new:  
And I bid to you stars and you mountains a  
tremulous long adieu.

I will come once again as a master, who played  
here as child in my dawn.

I will enter the heart of the hills where the gods  
of the old world are gone.

And will war like the bright Hound of Ulla  
with princes of earth and of sky.

For my dream is to conquer the heavens and  
battle for kingship on high.

## THE MESSAGE

Do you not feel the white glow in your breast,  
my bird?

That is the flame of love I send to you from  
afar:

Not a wafted kiss, hardly a whispered word,  
But love itself that flies as a white-winged star.

Let it dwell there, let it rest there, at home in  
your heart:

Wafted on winds of gold, it is Love itself, the  
Dove.

Not the god whose arrows wounded with bitter  
smart,

Nor the purple-fiery birds of death and love.

Do not ask for the hands of love or love's soft  
eyes :

They give less than love who give all, giving  
what wanes.

I give you the star-fire, the heart-way to Paradise,  
With no death after, no arrow with stinging  
pains.

## AT ONE

SOMETIMES a sudden fount of tears jets in my  
heart

And oft-times golden gleams will through my  
being dart:

Your cry or laugh, my sweet, though we are  
far apart.

Above this hidden fount I bend and whisper  
clear

More words of fonder love than if your heart  
were near,

More tenderly than if my arms were round you,  
dear.

I feel your gay love lights such love in me afar,  
I would not have you near, for eyes and lips  
might mar

The silence where we meet and star is lost in  
star.

I think of you in peace though under alien skies :  
Though death itself bereft, your love in me  
would rise

In rainbow ripples borne from your heart in  
Paradise.

## THE WELL OF ALL HEALING

THERE'S a cure for all things in the well at  
Ballylee

Where the scarlet cressets hang over the  
trembling pool :

And joyful winds are blowing from the Land of  
Youth to me,

And the heart of the earth is full.

Many and many a sunbright maiden saw the  
enchanted land

With star faces glimmer up from the druid  
wave :

Many and many a pain of love was soothed by  
a faery hand

Or lost in the love it gave.

When the quiet with a ring of pearl shall wed  
the earth,  
And the scarlet berries burn dark by the stars  
in the pool;  
Oh, it's lost and deep I'll be amid the windy  
mirth,  
While the heart of the earth is full.

## A NEW BEING

I KNOW myself no more, my child,  
Since thou art come to me,  
Pity so tender and so wild  
Hath wrapped my thoughts of thee.

These thoughts a fiery gentle rain  
Are from the Mother shed,  
Where many a broken heart hath lain  
And many a weeping head.

## A CALL OF THE SIDHE

TARRY thou yet, late lingerer in the twilight's  
glory ;

Gay are the hills with song : earth's faery chil-  
dren leave

More dim abodes to roam the primrose-hearted  
eve,

Opening their glimmering lips to breathe some  
wondrous story.

Hush, not a whisper ! Let your heart alone go  
dreaming.

Dream unto dream may pass : deep in the heart  
alone

Murmurs the Mighty One his solemn undertone.

Canst thou not see down the silver cloudland streaming

Rivers of faery light, dewdrop on dewdrop falling,

Star-fire of silver flames, lighting the dark beneath?

And what enraptured hosts burn on the dusky heath!

Come thou away with them for Heaven to Earth is calling.

These are Earth's voice — her answer — spirits thronging.

Come to the Land of Youth: the trees grown heavy there

Drop on the purple wave the starry fruit they bear.

Drink: the immortal waters quench the spirit's longing.

Art thou not now, bright one, all sorrow past, in elation,

Made young with joy, grown brother-hearted  
with the vast,  
Whither thy spirit wending flits the dim stars  
past  
Unto the Light of Lights in burning adoration.

## LOVE FROM AFAR

A BURNING fire rose up within me,  
You were away long miles apart ;  
You could not wait the day to win me,  
But came a lightning to my heart.

I call into that flaming centre  
"Spirit, I love you." Far away  
Fades from the paradise I enter  
The dim unreal land of day.

## BABYLON

THE blue dusk ran between the streets : my love  
was winged within my mind,

It left to-day and yesterday and thrice a thousand  
years behind.

To-day was past and dead for me, for from to-  
day my feet had run

Through thrice a thousand years to walk the  
ways of ancient Babylon.

On temple top and palace roof the burnished  
gold flung back the rays

Of a red sunset that was dead and lost beyond a  
million days.

The tower of heaven turns darker blue, a starry  
sparkle now begins ;

The mystery and magnificence, the myriad  
beauty and the sins

Come back to me. I walk beneath the shadowy  
multitude of towers ;  
Within the gloom the fountain jets its pallid  
mist in lily flowers.  
The waters lull me and the scent of many  
gardens, and I hear  
Familiar voices, and the voice I love is whisper-  
ing in my ear.  
Oh real as in dream all this ; and then a hand  
on mine is laid :  
The wave of phantom time withdraws ; and  
that young Babylonian maid,  
One drop of beauty left behind from all the  
flowing of that tide,  
Is looking with the self-same eyes, and here in  
Ireland by my side.  
Oh light our life in Babylon, but Babylon has  
taken wings,  
While we are in the calm and proud procession  
of eternal things.

## THE SILENCE OF LOVE

I COULD praise you once with beautiful words  
ere you came

And entered my life with love in a wind of  
flame.

I could lure with a song from afar my bird  
to its nest,

But with pinions drooping together silence is  
best.

In the Land of Beautiful Silence the winds are  
laid,

And life grows quietly one in the cloudy shade.

I will not waken the passion that sleeps in the  
heart,

For the winds that blew us together may blow  
us apart.

Fear not the stillness; for doubt and despair  
shall cease

With the gentle voices guiding us into peace.  
Our dreams will change as they pass through  
the gates of gold,

And Quiet, the tender shepherd, shall keep the  
fold.

## APHRODITE

Not unremembering we pass our exile from the  
starry ways :

One timeless hour in time we caught from the  
long night of endless days.

With solemn gaiety the stars danced far with-  
drawn on elfin heights :

The lilac breathed amid the shade of green and  
blue and citron lights.

But yet the close enfolding night seemed on the  
phantom verge of things,

For our adoring hearts had turned within from  
all their wanderings :

For beauty called to beauty, and there thronged  
at the enchanter's will

The vanished hours of love that burn within the  
Ever-living still.

And sweet eternal faces put the shadows of the  
earth to rout,  
And faint and fragile as a moth your white hand  
fluttered and went out.  
Oh, who am I who tower beside this goddess of  
the twilight air?  
The burning doves fly from my heart, and melt  
within her bosom there.  
I know the sacrifice of old they offered to the  
mighty queen,  
And this adoring love has brought us back the  
beauty that has been.  
As to her worshippers she came descending from  
her glowing skies,  
So Aphrodite I have seen with shining eyes look  
through your eyes:  
One gleam of the ancestral face which lighted up  
the dawn for me:  
One fiery visitation of the love the gods desire  
in thee!

## REFUGE

TWILIGHT, a timid fawn, went glimmering by,  
And Night, the dark-blue hunter, followed  
fast,  
Ceaseless pursuit and flight were in the sky,  
But the long chase had ceased for us at last.

We watched together while the driven fawn  
Hid in the golden thicket of the day.  
We, from whose hearts pursuit and flight were  
gone,  
Knew on the hunter's breast her refuge lay.

## THE FACES OF MEMORY

DREAM faces bloom around your face  
Like flowers upon one stem ;  
The heart of many a vanished race  
Sighs as I look on them.

The sun rich face of Egypt glows,  
The eyes of Eire brood,  
With whom the golden Cyprian shows  
In lovely sisterhood.

Your tree put forth these phantom flowers  
In ages past away :  
They had the love in other hours  
I give to you to-day.

One light their eyes have, as may shine  
One star on many a sea,  
They look that tender love on mine  
That lights your glance on me.

They fade in you ; their lips are fain  
To meet the old caress :  
And all their love is mine again  
As lip to lip we press.

## THE SECRET LOVE

You and I have found the secret way,  
None can bar our love or say us nay :  
All the world may stare and never know  
You and I are twined together so.

You and I for all his vaunted width  
Know the giant Space is but a myth ;  
Over miles and miles of pure deceit  
You and I have found our lips can meet.

You and I have laughed the leagues apart  
In the soft delight of heart to heart.  
If there's a gulf to meet or limit set,  
You and I have never found it yet.

You and I have trod the backward way  
To the happy heart of yesterday,  
To the love we felt in ages past.  
You and I have found it still to last.

You and I have found the joy had birth  
In the angel childhood of the earth,  
Hid within the heart of man and maid.  
You and I of Time are not afraid.

.

You and I can mock his fabled wing,  
For a kiss is an immortal thing.  
And the throb wherein those old lips met  
Is a living music in us yet.

## THE WEAVER OF SOULS

Who is this unseen messenger  
For ever between me and her,  
Who brings love's precious merchandise,  
The golden breath, the dew of sighs,  
And the wild, gentle thoughts that dwell  
Too fragile for the lips to tell,  
Each at their birth, to us before  
A heaving of the heart is o'er.  
Who art thou, unseen messenger?

I think, O Angel of the Lord,  
You make our hearts to so accord  
That those who hear in after hours  
May sigh for love as deep as ours;

And seek the magic that can give  
An Eden where the soul may live,  
Nor need to walk a road of clay  
With stumbling feet, nor fall away  
From thee, O Angel of the Lord.

## TRANSFORMATION

IN other climes as the times shall fleet  
You yet may the hero be,  
And a loving heart may beat, my sweet,  
In a woman's breast for thee.

Your flight shall be in the height above,  
My wings droop low on the lea.  
For the eagle must grow a dove, my love,  
And the dove an eagle be.

## CHILDREN OF LIR

WE woke from our sleep in the bosom where  
cradled together we lay :

The love of the Dark Hidden Father went with  
us upon our way.

And gay was the breath in our being, and never  
a sorrow or fear

Was on us as, singing together, we flew from  
the infinite Lir.

Through nights lit with diamond and sapphire  
we raced with the Children of Dawn,

A chain that was silver and golden linked spirit  
to spirit, my swan,

Till day in the heavens passed over, and still  
grew the beat of our wings,

And the Breath of the Darkness enfolded to  
teach us unspeakable things.

Yet lower we fell and for comfort our pinionless  
spirits had now  
The leaning of bosom to bosom, the lifting of  
lip unto brow.  
Though chained to the earth yet we mourned  
not the loss of our heaven above,  
But passed from the vision of Beauty to the  
fathomless being of Love.

Still gay is the breath in our being, we wait for  
the Bell Branch to ring  
To call us away to the Father, and then we will  
rise on the wing,  
And fly through the twilights of time till the  
home lights of heaven appear ;  
Our spirits through love and through longing  
made one in the infinite Lir.

## LIGHT AND DARK

Nor the soul that's whitest  
    Wakens love the sweetest :  
When the heart is lightest  
    Oft the charm is fleetest.

While the snow-frail maiden,  
    Waits the time of learning,  
To the passion laden  
    Turn with eager yearning.

While the heart is burning  
    Heaven with earth is banded :  
To the stars returning  
    Go not empty-handed.

Ah, the snow-frail maiden !  
Somehow truth has missed her,  
Left the heart unladen  
. For its burdened sister.

## TWILIGHT BY THE CABIN

Dusk, a pearl-grey river, o'er  
Hill and vale puts out the day —  
What do you wonder at, asthore,  
What's away in yonder grey?

Dark the eyes that linger long —  
Dream-fed heart, awake, come in,  
Warm the hearth and gay the song:  
Love with tender words would win.

Fades the eve in dreamy fire,  
But the heart of night is lit:  
Ancient beauty, old desire,  
By the cabin doorway flit.

This is Etain's land and line,  
And the homespun cannot hide

Kinship with a race divine,  
Thrill of rapture, light of pride.

There her golden kinsmen are :  
And her heart a moment knew  
Angus like the evening star  
Fleeting through the dusk and dew.

Throw the woman's mask away :  
Wear the opal glimmering dress ;  
Let the feathered starlight ray  
Over every gleaming tress.

Child of Etain, wherefore leave  
Light and laughter, joyful years,  
For the earth's grey coloured eve  
Ever dropping down with tears ?

Was it for some love of old ?  
Ah, reveal thyself. The bars  
On the gateway would not hold :  
He will follow to the stars.

## BEAUTY

My spirit would have beauty to build its magic  
art.

Come hither, star of evening, and dwell within  
my heart.

Oh, twilight, fall in pearl dew, each healing drop  
may bring

Some image of the song the Quiet seems to sing.

My spirit would have beauty to offer at the  
shrine,

And turn dull earth to gold and water into  
wine,

And burn in fiery dreams each thought till  
thrice refined

It may have power to mirror the mighty Master's  
mind.

My spirit would have beauty to draw thee nigh,  
my bird.

I seek the lips that spake thee, sung thee, a  
starry word.

I'd breathe anew that music, and lure thee from  
afar,

And still thy quivering pinions at peace in thy  
own star.

## THE VISION OF LOVE

THE twilight fled away in pearl on the  
stream,

And night, like a diamond dome, stood still in  
our dream.

Your eyes like burnished stones or as stars were  
bright

With the sudden vision that made us one with  
the night.

We loved in infinite spaces, forgetting here  
The breasts that were lit with life and the lips  
so near ;

Till the wizard willows waved in the wind and  
drew

Me away from the fulness of love and down to  
you.

Our love was so vast that it filled the heavens  
up:

But the soft white form I held was an empty  
cup,

When the willows called me back to earth with  
their sigh,

And we moved as shades through the deep that  
was you and I.

## A MEMORY

You remember, dear, together  
Two children, you and I,  
Sat once in the autumn weather,  
Watching the autumn sky.

There was some one round us straying  
The whole of the long day through,  
Who seemed to say, "I am playing  
At hide and seek with you."

And one thing after another  
Was whispered out of the air,  
How God was a big, kind brother  
Whose home is in everywhere.

His light like a smile comes glancing  
Through the cool, cool winds as they pass,

From the flowers in heaven dancing  
To the stars that shine in the grass.

From the clouds in deep blue wreathing  
And most from the mountains tall,  
But God like a wind goes breathing  
A dream of Himself in all.

The heart of the Wise was beating  
Sweet, sweet, in our hearts that day:  
And many a thought came fleeting  
And fancies solemn and gay.

We were grave in our way divining  
How childhood was taking wings,  
And the wonder world was shining  
With vast eternal things.

The solemn twilight fluttered  
Like the plumes of seraphim,  
And we felt what things were uttered  
In the sunset voice of Him.

We lingered long, for dearer  
Than home were the mountain places  
Where God from the stars dropt nearer  
Our pale, dreamy faces.

Our very hearts from beating  
We stilled in awed delight,  
For spirit and children were meeting  
In the purple, ample night.

## A SUMMER NIGHT

HER mist of primroses within her breast  
Twilight hath folded up, and o'er the west,  
Seeking remoter valleys long hath gone,  
Not yet hath come her sister of the dawn.  
Silence and coolness now the earth enfold,  
Jewels of glittering green, long mists of gold,  
Hazes of nebulous silver veil the height,  
And shake in tremors through the shadowy night.  
Heard through the stillness, as in whispered  
words,

The wandering God-guided wings of birds  
Ruffle the dark. The little lives that lie  
Deep hid in grass join in a long-drawn sigh  
More softly still; and unheard through the blue  
The falling of innumerable dew,

Lifts with grey fingers all the leaves that lay  
Burned in the heat of the consuming day.  
The lawns and lakes lie in this night of love,  
Admitted to the majesty above.  
Earth with the starry company hath part;  
The waters hold all heaven within their heart,  
And glimmer o'er with wave-lips everywhere  
Lifted to meet the angel lips of air.  
The many homes of men shine near and far,  
Peace-laden as the tender evening star,  
The late home-coming folk anticipate  
Their rest beyond the passing of the gate,  
And tread with sleep-filled hearts and drowsy feet.  
Oh, far away and wonderful and sweet  
All this, all this. But far too many things  
Obscuring, as a cloud of seraph wings  
Blinding the seeker for the Lord behind,  
I fall away in weariness of mind.  
And think how far apart are I and you,  
Beloved, from those spirit children who  
Felt but one single Being long ago,  
Whispering in gentleness and leaning low

Out of its majesty, as child to child.  
I think upon it all with heart grown wild.  
Hearing no voice, howe'er my spirit broods,  
No whisper from the dense infinitudes,  
This world of myriad things whose distance awes.  
Ah me ; how innocent our childhood was !

## WHOM WE WORSHIP

I WOULD not have the love of lips and eyes,  
The ancient ways of love:  
But in my heart I built a Paradise,  
A nest there for the dove.

I felt the wings of light that fluttered through  
The gate I held apart:  
And all without was shadow, but I knew  
The bird within my heart.

Then, while the innermost with music beat,  
The voice I loved so long  
Seemed only the dream echo faint and sweet  
Of a far sweeter song.

I could not even bear the thought I felt  
Of Thee and Me therein;  
And with white heat I strove the veil to melt  
That love to love might win.

But ah, my dreams within their fountain fell;  
Not to be lost in thee,  
But with the high ancestral love to dwell  
In its lone ecstasy.

## MISTRUST

You look at me with wan, bright eyes  
When in the deeper world I stray :  
You fear some hidden ambush lies  
In wait to call me, "Come away."

What if I see behind the veil  
Your starry self beseeching me,  
Or at its stern command grow pale,  
"Let her be free, let her be free"?

## THE DREAM

I WOKE to find my pillow wet  
With tears for deeds deep hid in sleep.  
I knew no sorrow here, but yet  
The tears fell softly through the deep.

Your eyes, your other eyes of dream,  
Looked at me through the veil of blank ;  
I saw their joyous, starlit gleam  
Like one who watches rank on rank

His victor airy legions wind  
And pass before his awful throne —  
Was there thy loving heart unkind,  
Was I thy captive all o'erthrown?

## THE FEAST OF AGE

SEE where the light streams over Connla's  
fountain

Starward aspire!

The sacred sign upon the holy mountain  
Shines in white fire:

Wavering and flaming yonder o'er the snows  
The diamond light

Melts into silver or to sapphire glows,  
Night beyond night:

And from the Heaven of Heaven descends on  
earth

A dew divine.

Come, let us mingle in the starry mirth  
Around the shrine.

O Earth, Enchantress, Mother, to our home  
In thee we press,

Thrilled by thy fiery breath and wrapt in some  
Vast tenderness.

The homeward birds, uncertain o'er their nest,  
Wheel in the dome,  
Fraught with dim dreams of more enraptured  
rest,  
Another home.

But gather ye, to whose undarkened eyes  
Night is as day,  
Leap forth, immortals, Birds of Paradise,  
In bright array,  
Robed like the shining tresses of the sun,  
And by his name  
Call from his haunt divine the ancient one,  
Our Father Flame.

Aye, from the wonder light, heart of our star,  
Come now, come now.

Sun-breathing spirit, ray thy lights afar :  
Thy children bow,

Hush with more awe the heart; the bright-  
browed races  
Are nothing worth,

By those dread gods from out whose awful faces  
    The earth looks forth  
Infinite pity set in calm, whose vision cast  
    Adown the years  
Beholds how beauty burns away at last  
    Their children's tears.  
Now while our hearts the ancient quietness  
    Floods with its tide,  
The things of air and fire and height no less  
    In it abide ;  
And from their wanderings over sea and shore  
    They rise as one  
Unto the vastness, and with us adore  
    The midnight sun,  
And enter the innumerable All  
    And shine like gold,  
And starlike gleam in the immortal's hall,  
    The heavenly fold,  
And drink the sun-breaths from the Mother's lips  
    Awhile, and then  
Fail from the light and drop in dark eclipse  
    To earth again,

Roaming along by heaven-hid promontory  
And valley dim,  
Weaving a phantom image of the glory  
They knew in Him.  
Out of the fulness flow the winds, their song  
Is heard no more,  
Or hardly breathes a mystic sound along  
The dreamy shore,  
Blindly they move, unknowing as in trance;  
Their wandering  
Is half with us, and half an inner dance,  
Led by the King.

## A WAY OF ESCAPE

THERE'S a way of escape through the Gate of  
Sorrow,  
A light at the end of the Path of Pain :  
But our joy and our love can have no to-morrow,  
And to drink is to sink to the earth again.

There is death in the breath when our lips draw  
nigher,  
And we lay waste the plain for a flower to  
grow ;  
And we build up the tower of an hour's desire  
With dust from the pit of its overthrow.

## RECALL

WHAT call may draw thee back again,  
Lost dove, what art, what charm may please?  
The tender touch, the kiss, are vain,  
For thou wert lured away by these.

Oh, must we use the iron hand,  
And mask with hate the holy breath,  
With alien voice give love's command,  
As they through love the call of death?

## THE VOICE OF THE WATERS

WHERE the Greyhound River windeth through  
a loneliness so deep,  
Scarce a wild fowl shakes the quiet that the  
purple boglands keep,  
Only God exults in silence over fields no man  
may reap.

Where the silver wave with sweetness fed the  
tiny lives of grass  
I was bent above, my image mirrored in the  
fleeting glass,  
And a voice from out the water through my  
being seemed to pass.

“Still above the waters brooding, spirit, in thy  
timeless quest;  
Was the glory of thine image trembling over east  
and west  
Not divine enough when mirrored in the morn-  
ing water’s breast?”

With the sighing voice that murmured I was  
borne to ages dim  
Ere the void was lit with beauty breathed upon  
by seraphim,  
We were cradled there together folded in the  
peace in Him.

One to be the master spirit, one to be the slave  
awoke,  
One to shape itself obedient to the fiery words  
we spoke,  
Flame and flood and stars and mountains from  
the primal waters broke.

I was huddled in the heather when the vision  
failed its light,  
Still and blue and vast above me towered aloft  
the solemn height,  
Where the stars like dewdrops glistened on the  
mountain slope of night.

## IN CONNEMARA

WITH eyes all untroubled she laughs as she  
    passes,  
    Bending beneath the creel with the seaweed  
    brown,  
Till evening with pearl dew dims the shining  
    grasses  
And night lit with dreamlight enfolds the  
    sleepy town.

Then she will wander, her heart all a laughter,  
    Tracking the dream star that lights the purple  
    gloom.  
She follows the proud and golden races after,  
    As high as theirs her spirit, as high will be her  
    doom.

## AN IRISH FACE

Not her own sorrow only that hath place  
Upon yon gentle face.  
Too slight have been her childhood's years to  
gain  
The imprint of such pain.  
It hid behind her laughing hours, and wrought  
Each curve in saddest thought  
On brow and lips and eyes. With subtle art  
It made that little heart  
Through its young joyous beatings to prepare  
A quiet shelter there,  
Where the Immortal Sorrows might find a home.  
And many there have come ;  
Bowed in a mournful mist of golden hair  
Deirdre hath entered there.

And shrouded in a fall of pitying dew,  
Weeping the friend he slew,  
The Hound of Ulla lies, with those who shed  
Tears for the Wild Geese fled.  
And all the lovers on whom fate had warred  
Cutting the Silver Cord  
Enter, and softly breath by breath they mould  
The young heart to the old,  
The old protest, the old pity, whose power  
Are gathering to the hour  
When their knit silence shall be mightier far  
Than leagued empires are.  
And dreaming of the sorrow on this face  
We grow of lordlier race,  
Could shake the rooted rampart of the hills  
To shield her from all ills,  
And through a deep adoring pity won  
Grow what we dream upon.

## HOPE IN FAILURE

THOUGH now thou hast failed and art fallen,  
    despair not because of defeat,  
Though lost for a while be thy heaven and weary  
    of earth be thy feet,  
For all will be beauty about thee hereafter  
    through sorrowful years,  
And lovely the dew for thy chilling and ruby  
    thy heart-drip of tears.

The eyes that had gazed from afar on a beauty  
    that blinded the eyes  
Shall call forth its image for ever, its shadow in  
    alien skies.

The heart that had striven to beat in the heart  
    of the Mighty too soon  
Shall still of that beating remember some errant  
    and faltering tune.

For thou hast but fallen to gather the last of the  
secrets of power ;  
'The beauty that breathes in thy spirit shall shape  
of thy sorrow a flower,  
The pale bud of pity shall open the bloom of its  
tenderest rays,  
The heart of whose shining is bright with the  
light of the Ancient of Days.

## THE CROWN

I WORE in joy a radiant star;  
Its rays flew forth into the night;  
It made them glad who watched afar,  
And filled their gloom with happy light.

Their eyes no more the light may win,  
And all the loves are changed to scorns.  
The rays of light pierce deep within,  
The star is now my crown of thorns.

L. of C.

## THE EVERLASTING BATTLE

WHEN in my shadowy hours I pierce the hidden  
heart of hopes and fears,

They change into immortal joys or end in im-  
memorial tears.

Moytura's battle still endures and in this human  
heart of mine

The golden sun powers with the might of demon  
darkness intertwine.

I think that every teardrop shed still flows from  
Balor's eye of doom,

And gazing on his ageless grief my heart is filled  
with ageless gloom :

I close my ever-weary eyes and in my bitter  
spirit brood  
And am at one in vast despair with all the  
demon multitude.

But in the lightning flash of hope I feel the sun-  
god's fiery sling  
Has smote the horror in the heart where clouds  
of demon glooms take wing,  
I shake my heavy fears aside and seize the flam-  
ing sword of will,  
I am of Dana's race divine and know I am im-  
mortal still.

## ORDEAL

Love and pity are pleading with me this hour.

What is this voice that stays me forbidding to  
yield,

Offering beauty, love, and immortal power,  
Æons away in some far-off heavenly field?

Though I obey thee, Immortal, my heart is  
sore.

Though love be withdrawn for love it bitterly  
grieves :

Pity withheld in the breast makes sorrow more.

Oh that the heart could feel what the mind  
believes !

Cease, O love, thy fiery and gentle pleading.

Soft is thy grief, but in tempest through me it  
rolls.

Dream'st thou not whither the path is leading

Where the Dark Immortal would shepherd  
our weeping souls?

## THE CHILD OF DESTINY

THIS is the hero-heart of the enchanted isle,  
Whom now the twilight children tenderly en-  
fold,  
Pat with their pearly palms and crown with elfin  
gold,  
While in the mountain's breast his brothers  
watch and smile.  
Who now of Dana's host may guide these  
dancing feet?  
What bright immortal hides and through a  
child's light breath  
Laughs an immortal joy — Angus of love and  
death  
Returned to make our hearts with dream and  
music beat?

Or Lugh leaves heavenly wars to free his ancient  
land ;  
Not on the fiery steed maned with tumultuous  
flame  
As in the Fomor days the sunbright chieftain  
came,  
But in this dreaming boy, more subtle conquest  
planned.  
Or does the Mother brood some deed of sacri-  
fice ?  
Her heart in his laid bare to hosts of wounding  
spears,  
Till love immortal melt the cruel eyes to tears,  
Or on his brow be set the heroes' thorny prize.  
See ! as some shadows of a darker race draw  
near,  
How he compels their feet, with what a proud  
command !  
What is it waves and gleams ? Is that a Silver  
Hand  
Whose light through delicate lifted fingers shines  
so clear ?

Night like a glowing seraph o'er the kingly boy  
Watches with ardent eyes from his own ancient  
home ;

And far away, rocking in living foam,  
The three great waves leap up exulting in their  
joy,

Remembering the past, the immemorial deeds  
The Danaan gods had wrought in guise of  
mortal men,

Their elemental hearts madden with life again,  
And shaking foamy heads toss the great ocean  
steeds.

## A FAREWELL

ONLY in my deep heart I love you, sweetest  
heart.

Many another vesture hath the soul, I pray  
Call me not forth from this. If from the light I  
part

Only with clay I cling unto the clay.

And ah ! my bright companion, you and I must  
go

Our ways, unfolding lonely glories, not our  
own,

Nor from each other gathered, but an inward  
glow

Breathed by the Lone One on the seeker lone.

If for the heart's own sake we break the heart,  
we may

When the last ruby drop dissolves in diamond  
light

Meet in a deeper vesture in another day.

Until that dawn, dear heart, good-night, good-  
night.

## THE PARTING OF WAYS

THE skies from black to pearly grey  
Had veered without a star or sun ;  
Only a burning opal ray  
Fell on your brow when all was done.

Aye, after victory, the crown ;  
Yet through the fight no word of cheer ;  
And what would win and what go down  
No word could help, no light make clear.

A thousand ages onward led  
Their joys and sorrows to that hour ;  
No wisdom weighed, no word was said,  
For only what we were had power.

There was no tender leaning there  
Of brow to brow in loving mood ;  
For we were rapt apart, and were  
In elemental solitude.

We knew not in redeeming day  
Whether our spirits would be found  
Floating along the starry way,  
Or in the earthly vapours drowned.

Brought by the sunrise-coloured flame  
To earth, uncertain yet, the while  
I looked at you, there slowly came,  
Noble and sisterly, your smile.

We bade adieu to love the old ;  
We heard another lover then,  
Whose forms are myriad and untold,  
Sigh to us from the hearts of men.

## A MIDNIGHT MEDITATION

How often have I said,  
“We may not grieve for the immortal dead.”  
And now, poor blenchèd heart,  
Thy ruddy hues all tremulous depart.  
Why be with fate at strife  
Because one passes on from death to life,  
Who may no more delay  
Rapt from our strange and pitiful dream away  
By One with ancient claim  
Who robes her with the spirit like a flame.  
Not lost this high belief—  
Oh, passionate heart, what is thy cause for grief?  
Is this thy sorrow now,  
She in eternal beauty may not bow  
Thy troubles to efface

As in old time a head with gentle grace  
All tenderly laid by thine  
Taught thee the nearness of the love divine.  
Her joys no more for thee  
Than the impartial laughter of the sea,  
Her beauty no more fair  
For thee alone, but starry, everywhere.  
Her pity dropped for you  
No more than heaven above with healing dew  
Favours one home of men —  
Ah! grieve not; she becomes herself again,  
And passed beyond thy sight  
She roams along the thought-swept fields of light,  
Moving in dreams until  
She finds again the root of ancient will,  
The old heroic love  
That emptied once the heavenly courts above.  
The angels heard from earth  
A mournful cry which shattered all their mirth,  
Raised by a senseless rout  
Warring in chaos with discordant shout,  
And that the pain might cease

They grew rebellious in the Master's peace;  
And falling downward then  
The angelic lights were crucified in men;  
Leaving so radiant spheres  
For earth's dim twilight ever wet with tears  
That through those shadows dim  
Might breathe the lovely music brought from  
Him.

And now my grief I see  
Was but that ancient shadow part of me,  
Not yet attuned to good,  
Still blind and senseless in its warring mood,  
I turn from it and climb  
To the heroic spirit of the prime,  
The light that well foreknew  
All the dark ways that it must journey through.  
Yet seeing still a gain,  
A distant glory o'er the hills of pain,  
Through all that chaos wild  
A breath as gentle as a little child,  
Through earth transformed, divine,  
The Christ-soul of the universe to shine.

## AGE AND YOUTH

WE have left our youth behind:  
Earth is in its baby years:  
Void of wisdom cries the wind,  
And the sunlight knows no tears.

When shall twilight feel the awe,  
All the rapt thought of the sage,  
And the lips of wind give law  
Drawn from out their lore of age?

When shall earth begin to burn  
With such love as thrills my breast?  
When shall we together turn  
To our long, long home for rest?

Child and father, we grow old  
While you laugh and play with flowers;  
And life's tale for us is told  
Holding only empty hours.

Giant child, on you await  
All the hopes and fears of men.  
In thy fulness is our fate —  
What till then, oh, what till then?

## THE JOY OF EARTH

Oh, the sudden wings arising from the ploughed  
fields brown !

Showered aloft in spray of song the wildbird  
twitter floats

O'er the unseen fount awhile, and then comes  
dropping down

Nigh the cool brown earth to hush enraptured  
notes.

Far within a dome of trembling opal throbs the  
fire,

Mistily its rain of diamond lances shed below  
Touches eyes and brows and faces lit with wild  
desire

For the burning silence whither we would go.

Heart, O heart, once more it is the ancient joy  
of earth  
Breathes in thee and flings the wild wings sun-  
ward to the dome,  
To the light where all the Children of the Fire  
had birth  
Though our hearts and footsteps wander far  
from home.

## RECONCILIATION

I BEGIN through the grass once again to be bound  
to the Lord ;

I can see, through a face that has faded, the  
face full of rest

Of the Earth, of the Mother, my heart with her  
heart in accord,

As I lie 'mid the cool green tresses that mantle  
her breast

I begin with the grass once again to be bound to  
the Lord.

By the hand of a child I am led to the throne of  
the King

For a touch that now fevers me not is forgotten  
and far,

And his infinite sceptred hands that sway us can  
bring

Me in dreams from the laugh of a child to the  
song of a star.

On the laugh of a child I am borne to the joy of  
the King.

*THE sweetest song was ever sung  
May soothe you but a little while :  
The gayest music ever rung  
Shall yield you but a fleeting smile.*

*The well I digged you soon shall pass :  
You may but rest with me an hour :  
Yet drink, I offer you the glass,  
A moment of sustaining power,*

*And give to you, if it be gain,  
Whether in pleasure or annoy,  
To see one elemental pain,  
One light of everlasting joy.*

## NOTE

As the mythological references made in a few poems may partially obscure the meaning for those unacquainted with Celtic tradition, I have appended here a brief commentary on the names mentioned.

*Angus*, the Celtic Eros. In the bardic stories he is described as a tall, golden-haired youth playing on a harp and surrounded by singing birds. The kisses of these birds created love and also brought death.

*Balor*, the prince of the dark powers. His eye turned every living thing it rested on into stone. He was killed at the battle of Moytura by Lugh the Sun-god.

*Dana*, the Hibernian mother of the gods who were named from her Tuatha De Danaan, or the Tribes of the goddess Dana. They are also sometimes called the Sidhe.

*Etain*, a Celtic goddess who is the subject of a famous

## NOTE

story, "The Wooing of Etain." She left the Heaven-world and became the wife of an ancient Irish king.

*Lir*, the Oceanus of Celtic mythology. Probably the Great Deep or original divinity from whom all sprang. His son Mananan MacLir was the most spiritual divinity known to the ancient Gael. Lir is more familiar as the father of the children who were changed into swans by magic, and who lived for long ages on the waters around the Irish coast. The story of the fate of the children of Lir was probably in its earliest form a mythological account of the descent of the spirit from the Heaven-world to the Earth and its final redemption.

*Lugh*, the great god of light who led the De Danaans at the battle of Moytura, and who slew Balor of the Evil Eye by a cast from his sling. He is a Celtic Hermes or Apollo.

*Fomor*, the dark powers who were opposed to the hosts of light, the Tuatha De Danaan. They enslaved the latter for a time until the De Danaans rose, led by Lugh the Sun-god, and defeated the Fomors in the battle of Moytura.

## NOTE

*Silver Hand.* Nuada, one of the Danaan divinities, is called Nuada of the Silver Hand.

*Hound of Ulla.* Cuculain, the great champion of the Red Branch cycle of tales.

*Sacred Hazel,* the Celtic tree of life. It grew over Connla's Well, and the fruit which fell from it were the Nuts of Knowledge which give wisdom and inspiration. Connla's Well is a Celtic equivalent of the First Fountain of mysticism. As an old story states, "The folk of many arts have all drunk from that fountain."

"*The three great waves*" are "the wave of Toth, the wave of Rury, and the long, slow, white-foaming wave of Cluna." In the bardic stories these three mystical waves shout round the coast of Ireland in recognition of great kings and heroes.

"*The Feast of Age*," the druidic form of the mysteries. It was instituted by Mananan MacLir, and whoever partook of the feast became immortal.

THE END







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